

February 1, 2025

Hungarian Mose

In the heart of Hungary, where the Danube flows,
Lived a mouse so fair, with a tale that glows.
Her fur was soft, a silken brown,
In the fields of Puszta, she wore a crown.

She danced through meadows, light as air,
With eyes that sparkled, beyond compare.
Her name was whispered, a gentle breeze,
Among the flowers and ancient trees.

In twilight's glow, she found her way,
Through golden fields at the end of day.
Her heart was pure, her spirit free,
A muse for all, in harmony.

Oh, Hungarian mouse, so brave and bright,

Your tale of grace, a beacon of light.